

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Comments By

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For Sunday January 30

Lesson Title: The Lame Man Leaping.

Lesson Text: Acts 3. Memorize verses 9, 10.

Golden Text: "Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but what I have, that give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk." Acts 3: 6.

I. The World's Lame Men.

There are a great many lame men in the world. Some are lame in body, some in brain, some in morals. A few are lame in all three ways and must be kept safely in institutions. They ought not to be allowed to perpetuate their kind. Some are lame in two particulars and this is a dangerous combination which often brings trouble. Such folks need isolation and restraint for the protection of society. Other people are lame in one particular only: if in body or brain we send them to a physician or an institution to be cared for.

It is a curious thing that in our civilization, when men are "lame" in morals, the most dangerous and far-reaching "lame" is to go

there is no cure for moral lameness! Christianity claims and proves that there is! There are unnumbered thousands of people whose moral lameness has been cured by Jesus Christ. That is a greater miracle than making a man walk. A habit of lying is harder to overcome than a weak ankle. Christ can cure bodily ills and sometimes he does so. His strength is not all used up, however, in curing bodily ills. Dr. Cowan well says: "The story of 'The Lame Man Leaping' was written to stimulate us to make some lame man leap. Who is he? How are we going to do it? You have to find the man; but the way to make him leap is not to stick a pin into him, but to stick a big, blessed truth into him."

What is that "big, blessed truth?" That Jesus Christ can help any man, in body, or soul! Will you do it?

II. Medical Missions.

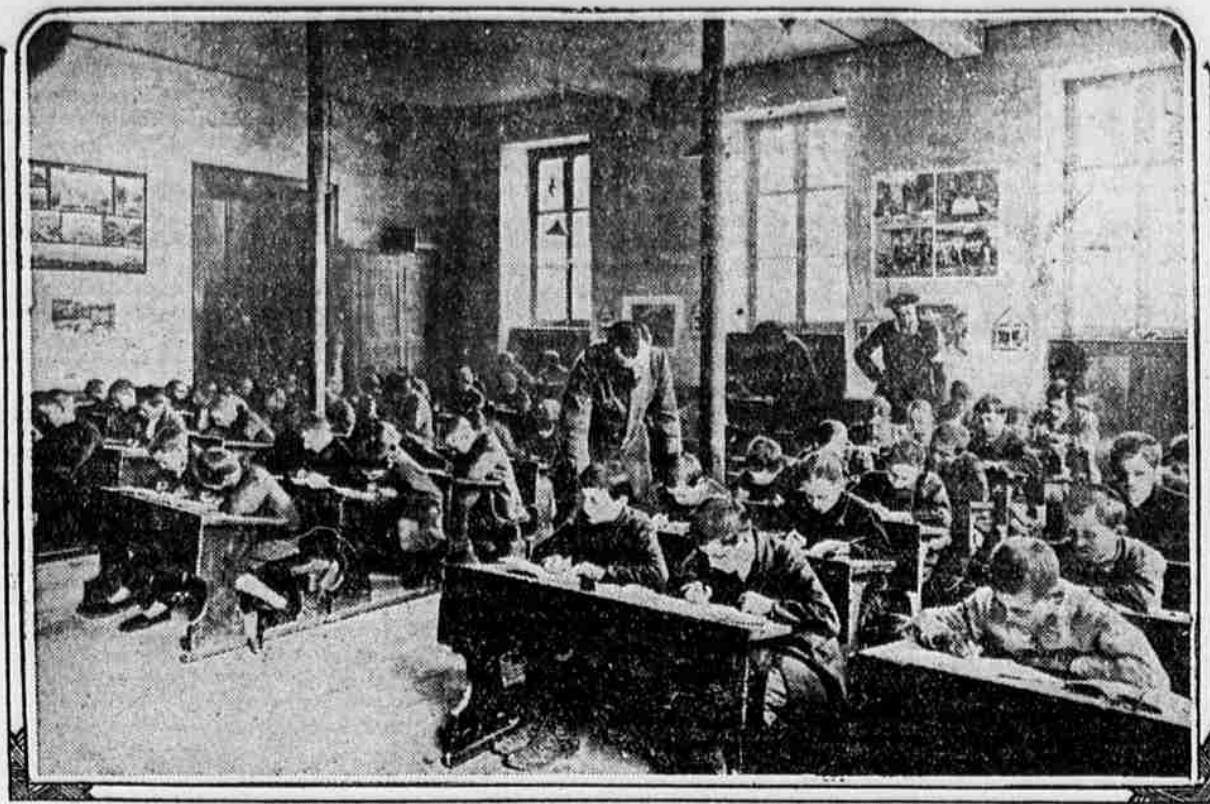
Half of the world—think of it!—half the world is out of any possible reach of a doctor or any institution like a hospital. In his boyhood, my father was run over by a lumber wagon and his limb broken. His friends rode forty miles to call a doctor and then found that he had gone forty miles farther away. Eighty miles and back again, then, to get a doctor! The roads were poor and it was the fourth day before the boy received medical attention! But half the world cannot reach any doctor at all. It is shut in to the curious, often dangerous customs, even if well-meant, of primitive peoples,—the medicine-man of the Indian, the witch-doctor of the African savage, and others like them!

Why do we send missionaries? Because we cannot be Christians and do otherwise. We are taught and commanded to share. Christ is sick, in the person of these suffering ones, and we must "visit" them, carrying all the help and comfort of our medicines and scientific ministry. Half the world cannot read or write. Therefore we take to them Christian teachers and schools of every sort. Not to do so would be unchristian. Strange, isn't it, how some people criticize the church for doing the very thing which proves that its religion is genuine and that it takes it seriously. Watch how somebody grumbles when the next missionary collection is taken and you will see what I mean!

III. What is Better than Gold?

What is better than gold? Health. Don't worry because you are not rich. Thank God that you are WELL! Health makes you "well off!" The most of us have relatively good health for the major portion of life. When we do not, it is often due to our own ignorance, or carelessness, or some exposure involved in the line of our duty. Many others have ill health but fight it and conquer it and live useful lives in spite of it. Paul did, with his "thorn in the flesh" Dr. Trudeau did, a victim of tuberculosis at twenty-five, yet living for forty years by vigorous, out-of-door treatment. By his camp in the Adirondacks he taught myriads the medicinal value of fresh air and gave hope to many people who have been cured of incipient consumption simply by careful diet, rest, and out-of-door habits and sleeping. God's world is full of fresh air! Many, except those in crowded city slums, can get it hourly—free!

IN AN ALSACE SCHOOL UNDER FRENCH RULE



The disturbing influences of war apparently have not affected the school system of Alsace, where in the early stages of the conflict many battles for its possession took place, the French being the ultimate victors. The photograph above, used with the sanction of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, shows a section of a classroom under the direction of Alpine chausseurs.

THE CLUE

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER.

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It was midnight. In Fifth avenue there were few pedestrians, and so a fat man in evening dress, hurrying northward, attracted a tention. Six night birds, who thought his actions mysterious, followed a few paces in the rear. Occasionally they questioned each other as they trotted briskly along, but the questions were put in the hopeless tone that the questioner uses when he knows the person questioned cannot supply the information he requires.

The fat man didn't speak. He moved at a smart jog trot, looking straight to the front and seemingly unaware of the fact that he was the cause of much conjecture. The mystery seemed by the others was caused by the peculiar movements of his hands. His arms were outstretched, and his two hands revolved round each other like the hands of a fisherman hauling in a line. And the inquisitive ones in the rear were unable to explain this movement. It was not a dignified exercise for a fat man in evening dress, and their curiosity was justified.

At Thirty-second street a policeman, dozing on the opposite side of the road, straightened himself as he saw the hurrying group coming towards him. Swinging his night stick he crossed over and waited the approach of the little procession. He was in charge of that neighborhood, and there should be an explanation.

The fat man passed the officer at a gallop. His hands were moving faster and faster, and the tails of his coat were sticking out like little black wings in his rear. The Law was a trifle astonished. As he stood looking after the leader of the hurrying squad, he was jostled by the inquisitive ones following, and he became annoyed. He grabbed a straw-hatted youth by the shoulder and questioned him.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "Search me," answered the questioned one. "Le me go; I want to see what that old guy is up to." The policeman lost his temper. He was being treated with disrespect. A festive citizen was running a fool procession over his beat without giving him the least explanation! So he let go of the youth's shoulder and dashed madly after the man in evening dress.

"Here, what's the game?" he panted. "What sort of a stunt are you up to, anyhow?"

The fat man shook off the grip of the law and ran faster than ever, his outstretched hands circling round each other like the arms of a windmill in a gale.

"Stop down and I'll tell you," he gasped, as the officer made another effort to restrain him. The evident respectability of the fat man made the policeman comply with the request, and bending his six-foot frame he ran alongside the other and listened. The inquisitive mob, now numbering a score, gathered in close, but the night-stick described a circle and they backed into safety.

For nearly twenty yards the policeman ran with bent back. Then he straightened himself up and laughed loudly. "Good for you!" he cried. "Sprint a little or we may be too late." Then he started to run madly alongside the man with the windmill arms.

The curious ones were annoyed. They were taxpayers, and they did not think it right that the officer, who was their servant, should keep the solution of the mystery a secret. They growled angrily whenever the Law chuckled over the story that the fat man had whispered, but they followed at full speed. Late revellers joined the group, but when they asked the reason of the chase they were told to watch the movements of the leader's hands.

"Been doin' that all the way from Twenty-eighth street," gasped the early followers, proud in the possession of that much information. "He's told the cop a joke, an' now the hickory wielder is hittin' the trail with him."

At Forty-eighth street the policeman met the officer on the adjoining beat, and hooking him by the arm he whispered into his ear as he kept pace with the fat man. The new policeman guffawed loudly, and again the angry crowd looked vainly for the humor that seemed apparent to the two guardians of the peace. The first policeman slackened speed, called out a friendly "Good luck!" to the fat man, and then returned to his own beat, while his comrade trotted swiftly in his place.

The fat man swung east, down Fifty-third street, and new recruits joined the procession at every yard. But all thirsted vainly for information. Questions put by the newcomers were met with the one answer: "Don't know; look at his hands. Been twisting them round and round all the way from Twenty-third street."

Crossing Third avenue the fat man halted suddenly. He knelt down upon the car tracks, and the officers stooped beside him. The crowd pressed round till the swiftly swung nightstick swept them back. The man in evening dress crawled across the tracks and raked the ground with his fingers.

Presently he leapt to his feet and yelled out excitedly: "It's all right, officer," he cried, and once again his hands started to revolve round each other as he dashed towards the water.

Just here a third policeman was initiated into the mystery that was troubling the crowd, and with a merry laugh he took up the position by the side of the fat man. The crowd cursed collectively. Here was a mystery that had been explained three times to bulky policemen, yet they were kept in ignorance. It wasn't fair. They had a right to know why the man in evening dress was doing the windmill performance with his hands, and why that stunt amused the policeman. Much of their breath was exhausted in strange phrases denouncing the secrecy of the police, but they were determined to see the end.

Near Second avenue a man standing on the sidewalk turned when he heard the noise of the charging squad and contemplated the runners. Then he stepped into the street and crossed over. The fat man chuckled. He whispered to the policeman at his right hand, and the officer dashed ahead. The man in front started to run, but his pursuer overhauled him in a dozen strides, and they rolled on the pavement.

"What's the matter?" gasped the captured one. "What are yer scruffin' me for?"

"This gentleman wants his rubber doormat," murmured the policeman, relieving his captive of the parcel he carried beneath his arm.

"Hully Gee!" exclaimed the prisoner, rubbing his eyes and staring round him at the crowd. "Where did yer get the mob, an' how did yer know I had it, anyhow?"

"I had you on a string," explained the fat man, holding up a black thread in the light of the street lamp. "I've caught five men who have tried to steal that mat. It's attached to a thousand yards of strong thread, and as they generally grab it when the streets are quiet, the trail is always clear."

MORE WARM GARMENTS NEEDED FOR LOAD TO BE SHIPPED TO WAR ZONE

Shipment of a quantity of warm clothing for the destitute non-combatants of Belgium and northern France was made last week by the Michigan committee of the commission for Relief in Belgium, with headquarters in Room 534, Dime Bank Building, Detroit. Another shipment will leave early in February.

Warm little knitted garments for

the babies in the stricken countries, boots and shoes and garments of all kinds for the older ones, underwear and woolen blankets, and piece goods from which the women sufferers themselves will fashion clothing, comprised the shipment.

Much of the shipment was contributed directly to the committee, but cash contributions on hand were used in the purchase of merchandise.

Every effort is now being made by the committee to gather materials and cash for the February shipment. The appeal from the New York headquarters of the commission was for immediate aid for hundreds of thousands who were suffering bitter privations, and must receive emergency relief at once.

PARING MACHINE IS SUCCESS

Will Peel Whole Peck of Vegetables in One Minute.

A machine for paring vegetables, which is said to do the work better than it can be done by hand in much less time, has been recently invented. With the machine it is claimed a peck of vegetables can be pared in one minute.

The machine consists of a bowl with an abrasive lining. This bowl in the center of which a stream of water is discharged and in which the vegetables to be peeled are placed, is revolved by a small motor. The centrifugal movement causes each vegetable to strike against the abrasive lining. The water softens the skins of the vegetables and with the rough surface quickly scrapes the skin off.

The water passing thru the machine carries off all the dirt and refuse, leaving the vegetables smooth and clean. The only hand work required is in the removal of the eyes in the potatoes or the cleaning of indentations too deep to be reached by the mechanical process.

Led Him On.

The ladies were discussing a wedding which took place in their church the previous day.

"And do you know," continued the first best-dressed lady of the party, "just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out?"

This startling bit of information was greeted by a number of oh's!

"What did the couple do then?" finally inquired one.

"Kept on going. The widow knew her way."

ANCONA SURVIVOR



DR. CECILE L. GREIL. Dr. Cecile L. Greil, the American woman who survived the torpedoing of the Italian steamship Ancona, has returned to the United States to make a deposition of what she knows about the sinking of the Ancona. Her testimony will be a big factor in influencing the government in its controversy with Austria.

The Unwritten Law

By MARY MORRISON.

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Wet were the leaves and few, and the rain, dripping through the almost bare branches of the trees, was growing grayer every day. Soon it would be snow which would fall day by day, and the wind that waited drearily now would shriek and rave wildly through the forest.

It had been a pleasant summer home for the crows here on Bullhead pond. Frogs and snakes had been plenty, and Gaunt, the crow, had provided handsomely for his family, until they were all well grown and able to provide for themselves, but the frogs were all down in the deep mud of the lake now, and would not come up until spring, and the snakes had gone into winter quarters. His children had left for more prolific feeding grounds, and he mistrusted they had gone to join their fellows at the roost on Pohannock river. It was time. Last year he had not delayed until this time, but this year—he hopped dejectedly along a few steps and dragged one mangled, blood-dried wing helplessly over the wet leaves. He would never fly with the flock to the roosting place again. The ranking knave of imbedded bird shot ate deeper and deeper into his breast with each day, and each day he skulked farther and farther from the haunts of his brethren, like the coward he had grown, knowing that it must come—that sentence from the unwritten law of the wilderness which every crow knows, and which he knows it his sacred duty to carry out. He felt, instinctively, the horror of cold and hunger and suffering which awaited him, and which were setting over him with each passing day of the waning year, and yet he hid himself away with painful effort, sitting motionless under some overhanging shrub all day until driven out by hunger.

It was hard to find food. Yesterday he had come upon a mole burrowing along under the loose soil and had clawed him out hungrily. It had been a scanty meal for a maw as empty as his own, but he was grateful. Today he had only been able to find a few dull slugs under the decaying bark of an old log. Soon even these would be locked fast in the grip of the frost. There was nothing so hard to bear as hunger, that he knew, and yet he skulked miserably from day to day and endured its pangs—why, he did not understand, for he could end it all so easily. One call of distress—that was all—and they would all flock to his assistance, his wild comrades. He could not understand the miserable tremor which shook him as he remembered this. Why, he had given the death-blow himself, gladly and willingly, when his mate had stricken blind by knife-fishers as she was searching their nest for eggs.

He recalled the fact now, that she, too, had flown desperately hither and thither in a vain attempt to get away but they were merciful and did not allow her, poor thing. Of all the terrible things that befall the wild creatures nothing is more to be dreaded than blindness. No crow could turn his back on a blind comrade, nor on one hopelessly disabled.

Nevertheless, he had never cawed a note since the day the hunter's shot had found him. Crows do not lie, and his only safety lay in silence, a safety that was becoming more terrible day by day. If the shot had only found a vital part, as he had hoped those first sickening days, he could have borne it until the end, but now, with a body demanding food as strenuously as when he could wing his way to the top of the tallest tree, this hampering of a crippled wing was terrible. This was the fourteenth day of his suffering. The wound had grown stiff and dry and the shattered bone protruded through the flesh. He pecked at it viciously, but such an agonizing thrill shot through the upper part of his breast that he desisted and sat with drooping head under a leafless shrub of tax alder.

A familiar "Caw! Caw!" sent a shiver of dread to the tip of his bedraggled tail, and he huddled up a little closer under the protecting branches.

It was a cheerful note, and betokened a careless, happy-go-lucky comrade, who had dawdled about his summer home with a few careless mates like himself.

He alighted on the ground near by to peck at a small shell which Gaunt could have told him was empty; then his roving eye caught the dull gleam of Gaunt's feathers, and he came nearer with peering, inquisitive gaze, which Gaunt would not meet. He sat with closed eyes before this, that during all these days of suffering he had striven to escape.

The stranger flew to the top of a tree and sent forth a loud call "Caw! Caw! Caw!" It was a command for the gathering of the clan, and presently answers were heard from north and south and east and west, for a crow might hear and disregard his summons.

One and two and three at a time they came and formed a circle about the ragged tax alder bush beneath which Gaunt sat motionless—awaiting that which came swiftly, sudden

ly with one sharp blow, the execution of the sentence from the unwritten law of the wild creatures.

"Well, I'll be blown if that wasn't worth seein'," old Silas Carter said, as he got stiffly up from the muddy bank a few yards distant, where he had been setting muskrat traps.

"I've hearn tell that birds and animals did sich things but I never spected to see 'em with my own eyes. They made mighty short work of it 'n' no mistake. Well, I s'pose it's the best way, or it wouldn't have been so," he added philosophically, as he turned Gaunt's limp body over with his foot.

STYLE.

"The fashions are not going to come from Paris any more," said the necktie salesman.

"Well, I never did see," answered the customer as he selected a green tie, "why American women allow foreigners to set the styles for them. But they do allow it, and lots of Americans would rather be dead than behind the styles."

"Now there's the landlady's daughter where I board. Nobody can tell that girl anything about modes. She thinks that those long black dangling objects she wears in her ears are the very thing! She would rather go around in a bathrobe with them on than in a swell outfit without them. Why, when she lost one of them she almost died of grief. But it didn't prevent her wearing the one she had."

"Why, she didn't go around with an earring on one ear and nothing on the other, did she?"

"No, she didn't do that. But she found a way to avoid it. American girls are never stuck. She wore the remaining earring on one ear and she pulled her hat down over the other ear. With a hat on one ear and an earring on the other she made a hit."

"The only trouble was that she had to wear her hat so low that it almost hid her fishhook curl. That, of course, was not to be hidden on any account."

"It's going some all right, when you can make the way you wear your hat take the place of an earring," observed the salesman.

"You see," continued the customer, "she is a young lady in attendance at the high school. Schoolgirls like her are very particular about their wearing apparel. Not long ago my sister, who was going to high school, considered it important to wear a slit skirt. A slit skirt was the proper thing for school, it was so stylish. My mother was just as firmly convinced that it was neither stylish nor proper."

"Every morning when Madge would start out for school, ma would say: 'Here, you go right straight and sew up that slit in your skirt. You're not going to go to school in any such garment, and you needn't think you are!'"

"Madge would go obediently and sew up her skirt and then rip it out again on the way to school, and fasten it up again on her way home! But as soon as slit skirts began to be unfashionable, no power on earth could have made her wear one. Young ladies that age are always in the height of fashion, whatever that may be."

He Knew About Twins.

One day President Cleveland sent for John Barrett, now director of the Bureau of American Republics, and said:

"Mr. Barrett, I am looking for some young man who is not afraid of hard work, and who wants to make a reputation for himself, to go as minister to Siam, to settle the claims of Dr. M. A. Cheek, involving several million dollars and also involving some delicate matters in connection with the interpretation of our treaties with Oriental countries. This particular case is one of the most important we now have in the Orient. You have received strong endorsements from the Pacific coast as consul general to Yokohama, but the office was filled when your recommendations arrived. Will you accept the position as minister to Siam? But, first, what do you know about Siam?"

Mr. Barrett couldn't remember whether Siam was in Asia or Africa, but a little things like this didn't bother him, so he said: "Mr. President, I know all about Siam."

"Well, what do you know about Siam?" said Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Barrett was stumped for a second, and then said: "Why, Siam is the country that produced the famous Siamese twins."

Mr. Cleveland, with a twinkle in his eye, arose gravely and said, as he shook hands with Mr. Barrett: "Mr. Barrett, I am happy, indeed, to get hold of a man with such profound knowledge and abundant information about Siam. As a matter of fact, I am glad you know nothing about it, as you will not be prejudiced one way or the other in regard to the questions to be settled there."

Mr. Barrett went to Siam, where he stayed for four years. At the time of his appointment he was 26 years old, and was the youngest minister plenipotentiary that the United States had ever appointed.

A Diet for the Great.

Cholly (in a restaurant)—"Bah the way the papah says King George, by the doctah's orders, eats nothing but the plainest food."

Algy—"Waitah! Corned beef and cabbage."